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has, from principle, precluded us from competing. It is but natural that those manufacturers who have already obtained the highest honors, should leave the field open to new comers, and although their mission is difficult, they must judge honorably, and accord the recompense to those who in their turn may merit it.

I beg of you, M. le directeur, that you, will have the kindness to insert my letter in your next number, and I beg you to accept my sentiments of high consideration.

AUGUSTE WOLFF,

Chef de la Maison Pleyell Wolff & Co.

Another *canard* exploded! Another barefaced Munchausenism come to grief! It is truly a misfortune to possess so lively and unscrupulous an imagination—a misfortune for the writer and for those of whom he writes, as the falsehoods brought home, expose both parties to ridicule, and to something worse.

#### TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

The continued fine weather is clearly in favor of this popular entertainment, as it enables thousands to visit the Garden and enjoy the delightful music. A wet night, though it does not prevent many earnest lovers of music from attending, is a sad disappointment to hundreds of others, who long to go, but dare not.

Although the favorite selections of last season, still remain the favorites of the public, the new pieces which Mr. Theo. Thomas has brought with him, are not only popular but beautiful, serving to make up every evening a varied and charming programme.

The Fifth Sunday Evening Concert attracted a crowded and overflowing audience, and the Sixth, which takes place to-morrow evening, will doubtless prove equally attractive.

#### LITERARY.

*Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, for August, is one of the best numbers yet issued. In its general "get-up" it is certainly one of the most tasteful and elegant magazines published. The typography is exquisite, and the initial letters give pleasing variety to the pages, and are in the best possible taste. This Magazine presents many marked attractions. It has a large list of talented contributors, who furnish a great variety of excellent matter, both in prose and poetry; some of the engravings are excellent. Each number contains several pages of good and popular original music by well known authors, and the Fashion Department is more copious and complete than in any magazine in the country. It is a work that no lady should be without, and this fact seems to be appreciated, for its circulation already exceeds *forty thousand* monthly.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

TRENTON FALLS, July 11, 1867.

What's in a name, is a question very often asked, Dear Editor, and not always satisfactorily answered.

In the above case, I would say, the name of Trenton is so thoroughly associated in the mind of almost every one with New Jersey, that they find it difficult to remember that the Falls are situated about 15 miles from the charming little city of Utica, in New York State.

N. P. Willis once said that one of the most embarrassing of dilemmas, in addressing a person, is not to know the amount of his information on the subject in hand. That is my position now. I have only had a glimpse of this region, and you may know every rock by its countenance, for all I can tell.

However, I must risk it.

We are a party of seven. A little description of us by way of introduction is *en règle*. First comes one of the most graceful of women and her liege lord—Mr. McI., a well-known lawyer of Utica. Then one whom we will call the Professor, and his wife; she is dressed in pure white, round hat and all. Oh, how pretty she is; no wonder the Professor's looks are always resting on her sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. Next comes little madcap Wiginska, who is so full of mischief that I have insisted on her wearing a scarlet cloak, that I may keep her continually under my eye, as well as enliven the scenery, as Willis suggested ladies should do, by wearing bright colors when rambling about the woods and rocks.

We have a tenor from Boston also, of the party, who is a general gallant, dividing his attentions equally among the fair ones. We are all fair.

For my own part, I have lost considerable of my identity, and find myself looking somewhat like the little woman of olden time, whose dog barked at her. Here am I in a short dress, the first I've worn since I was a little girl, and if it were not for that little madcap Wiginska's eternal Madame here, Madame there, assuring me that I am myself, I should have remained in uncertainty on the matter. But the dress is suitable for the work before us, which is to climb and scramble up ledges and rocks, till we reach the grand Fall—a mile ahead of us.

We came by the train to a station about a mile from Mr. Moore's Hotel. Here we took an omnibus to the house. The ride is very rough and hilly; there appeared to be a great crushing of geological specimens as we went along.

The entrance to the Ravine is only a little distance from the Hotel. We descend to it by an uneven stairway almost hidden by shrubbery. The narrow gorge comes suddenly in view, with its black stream at base flowing along with a palpable thickness very unlike water—ever rushing on till it finds the Mohawk. One may almost say that the Ravine is regularly paved; it also has perpendicular rocky walls on each side—the sky above like a crystal roof, covers us in.

Wherever you look there appear signs of an eternity of time having passed over these rocky beds and walls, and we are almost dumb with wonder as we gaze around. Up and on we go by a pathway, hewn or blasted out of the massive rocks, taking care to keep near the iron chain riveted into the rocky wall as an aid within grasping reach. Here we see at moments a furious rapid—or a leaping water-fall—or a threatening, whirling gulf,

that draws all down that comes near it. Now we come to a point where all have to bend. This passed and we are at the most glorious spot yet seen, called the High Falls. There the whole river comes tumbling over, but varied in points as to quantity. You may laugh when I tell you my first thought on seeing this Fall, was of an orchestra. The music was not all in my brain, for the waters had the very disposition of an orchestra. Yonder in curling glittering streams are the first violins, on the other side the violas and second violins—on another parapet are large wind instruments, and on the right the delicate flutes, clarionets, and oboes, below this the unmistakable double-basses and violin-cells, etc. I saw one prominent glistening amber stream quite separate. Ah, thought I, that must be the conductor's place—but no, that won't do, now-a-days the conductors get into the middle of the orchestra, so I suppose he is *there* although I can't see him. My bright little stream must be a solo singer, with its golden threaded song gushing forth. Some of our party said the waters roared; but I, with my ideal orchestra, heard only exquisite music full of harmony. Madcap Wiginska jumped about and clapped her hands, picked up scraps of wood and threw them in the water to see where they would go—she said. The poor wids were to sed from parapet to parapet, just showing themselves above the foaming waters, then dashing down to be seen no more by us.

No one could describe the effect of this place, to the satisfaction of another person. There stands the Professor's pretty wife all of a tremble—hardly daring to look at the foaming torrent. The Professor enjoys it you can easily tell, by the short, jerky little laugh he gives, which makes his chest heave like a little baby's. He gets so near the edge he makes me nervous. Our tall lawyer takes off his "Southern principle" hat, as I call it, (a very broad Panama,) runs his fingers through his iron-gray hair, and draws a long, deep breath, as he watches the tons of water dashing down—down. Little Wiginska insists on it the water is wavy, and looks as if it had been crimped—I suppose she meant with hair pins. You see what opposite ideas come into the minds of different people. The lawyer's lovely spouse has a religious look—a tear stands in her eye, and, tho' silent, seems to exclaim: Great are thy works, oh Lord!

We all enjoyed the scene according to the peculiarity of our temperaments. Some of us minded the spray—I did for one, and thanked my stars that I had brought a plaid shawl, for protection from its penetrating endeavors to get near me.

All of us, at the suggestion of Mr. Tenor that the pic-nic dinner was all ready in the woods above, became the most uninteresting of ordinary mortals and clambered up the steep, like young goats on their native cliffs, to the appointed spot to dine. I felt indignant at myself that I should be so very hungry and unromantic at such a place; so, looking about me, I discovered a tree with a deep hollow, and, patting my plaid shawl around me, I ensconced myself, half sitting, half reclining, in the woody retreat. You would have taken me for a Dryad, as was suggested by some one at the moment, looking incensed at being disturbed by intruders, and at the invasion of my sacred precincts, may be ten thousand years old, as is testified to by numerous fossil organic remains here.

C. M. B.